The Relief Society Magazine

March 1928

Vol. XV No. 3

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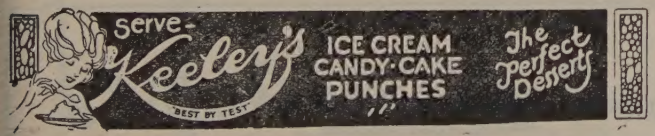

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The Relief Society Magazine

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Mother's Evening Song

By Amy M. Rice

(Second Poem to Receive Honorable Mention in the Eliza Roxey Snow Poetry Contest)

Long ago when twilight gathered
I would turn my wayward feet
Toward my home, in fear and trembling
At the shadows I would meet.
Then I'd scurry through the meadow
Falter 'neath low hanging trees
Stalked by Gnomes of childish fancy
'Til upon the evening breeze

Came the sounds of sweetest music
That my soul has ever known.
'Twas the voice of mother singing
Just to lead me safely home.
"Guide us, Oh thou great Jehovah"
Every word I'd understand.
"We are weak, but thou art able,
Hold us with thy powerful hand."

Gone the fear that stalked my footsteps.
Gone the phantoms of the night.
As those words in happy cadence,
Filled my soul with strange delight.
Gentle breezes spread the chorus
Over all the friendly land.
"We are weak, but thou art able,
Hold us with thy powerful hand."

Many years since then have brought me
Their full share of night and day.
Oft I've stood in fear and trembling
In the shadows by the way.
From the past those words still linger
Helping me to make my choice.
"Guide us, Oh thou great Jehovah"
In my mother's singing voice.

And again the shadows vanish
And my soul is strong and brave.
For I know she still is singing
In that home beyond the grave;
Singing songs of praise and glory
In that far off, happy land.

"Guide us, Oh thou great Jehovah,
Hold us with thy powerful hand."
When the last great shadows gather
And my day on earth is done—
Then I know I'll hear her singing
Just to guide me safely home.

Letter to President Clarissa S. Williams

January 31, 1928

President Clarissa S. Williams,
1401 Sigsbee Avenue,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

Dear Sister Williams:

The sisters of the General Board of the Relief Society desire to express to you and yours at this sad hour, their fond affection and sincere sympathy. We know that words avail little in conveying the sentiments we truly feel for you and yours, as we contemplate the sunset of a career like that of Brother Williams; not terminated, but only transferred to a higher sphere of service.

In the passing of Brother Williams, we too have lost a valued friend and wise advisor. All of his associates in the many activities of life, testify to the fact that "he was a friend to man." It has been said that "it is a great gift, a divine gift, to be a friend, and perhaps it is the greatest thing one mortal can be towards another." Brother Williams had a host of friends even at the time of life when men are prone to feel that many of their friends have already passed beyond. We know him as a true gentleman, who lent dignity to every path he trod. He honored the many positions he filled and was a credit to his state and people. Modest and unassuming, yet public spirited, he did his part to build up and maintain the morality and integrity of the community in which he lived.

He has borne the burdens of life nobly, for no man achieves the place that Brother Williams occupied without bearing burdens. He has earned his rest, a rest that no one would deny him. The companion of his life, his sons and daughters no doubt feel that he has rounded out a beautiful life and is entitled to the reward of the faithful and the righteous.

Be of good cheer. Sorrow not. Could Brother Williams speak, he would say with the poet: "Let more attest, I have lived and seen God's hand through a life time, and all was for the best."

God's blessings be upon you always,

Your sisters and your friends,

GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY,
Annie Wells Cannon,
Alice L. Reynolds,
Lotta Paul Baxter,
Committee.

Note: This letter will be recorded in the minutes of the General Board of the Relief Society.

From a painting by J. L. G. Ferris

THE ABDUCTION OF POCAHONTAS

THE
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XV MARCH, 1928 No. 3

Book of Mormon Women and Their Work

By John Henry Evans

The Story of Obscure Man.

There was to be an organ recital in the Tabernacle at Salt Lake City. You know without being told what a wonderful thing that is even today, when there are other great organs in the United States. It was more so in the days I am speaking of, because at that time it was the only instrument of its kind in the country, if not in the world. On this occasion some notable persons from different parts of our nation were present to hear the organ for the first time.

The organist, who very naturally wanted to show himself at his best, proudly struck the keys for the opening notes. But no opening notes issued. He struck them again, with the same result. It was in the days before electricity had been harnessed to do the hundred-and-one things it now does for man. In considerable alarm he went behind the instrument to see if the man who operated the bellows that furnished the power had any explanation of the organ's embarrassing silence.

"I was not turning the crank," he said simply.

"Not turning the crank!" the organist fairly shouted. "And for what reason, pray?"

"You see, sir, it's this way: You, bein' at the keyboard, gets all the praise and credit for the beautiful music, while I, bein' back here where nobody ever comes, gets none at all. And yet, sir, as you'll admit you can't do anything without me. I just wanted to teach you, sir—that's all."

The Story of Obscure Woman.

That is the way it has been with woman. Always, until recently, she has been at the back of the organ, while man has been at the keyboard, and often it has not mattered that she has, more times than we can count, furnished the inspiration and the power by which man has worked. It is as if you were to hold up a

rose to be admired and forget all about the wondrous forces inside it that had produced its surpassing beauty. Not in one nation alone has woman been in the background and man in the foreground, but in all nations, especially in the Hebrew nation, where lay the roots of the Nephite peoples.

Jewish Ideals of Woman in Ancient Times.

That hint about the Hebrews will bear looking into a little. It may give us a clew on which to work when we come to look for the ideals of womanhood that the ancient peoples of this continent started out with and developed here. And so I ask the question, What about woman among the descendants of Abraham?

From the time of this patriarch to the close of the New Testament days, is about two thousand years. Yet in those twenty centuries there is surprisingly little in the Bible about woman and her work. Mostly we read of what man thought and did. That is partly because woman's position among the Jews was subordinate to man's and partly because man wrote all the histories. If the person at the keyboard I mentioned were to write a book about organs, we should perhaps have little or nothing about the worker at the bellows.

The Hebrews had no woman ruler—at least, no woman that appeared openly as a ruler. None was ever on the throne, that is, although, for anything we know at present, she may have directed public affairs on more than one occasion from behind the scenes. Public affairs were for men. The home was for woman, but even there man was in theory the "head." Woman was at best "an help meet for him." Paul forbade a woman to speak in the church. A man might have more than one wife. Also, not to have children was a "reproach." For "children are an heritage of the Lord, and his reward." It was dishonorable, too, for a woman to be idle. The work she was expected to do lay in the home. She was supposed to grind corn between two millstones, to herd sheep, to prepare the food, to dispense hospitality, to make clothing for the whole family. She was expected, moreover, to cultivate the kindlier virtues in herself and in the children, if she had any. Sometimes, as in the case of Hannah, she dedicated her son to the Lord. A widow could always claim protection, and if she had a brother-in-law on her husband's side, she was supposed to marry him.

These are the things that stand out in the culture of the Israelites, so far as concerns the station and the work of woman, and these are the things, too, that must have lain at the foundation of Nephite life in this respect, as we shall see when we come to consider the few women whose names are mentioned in the Book of Mormon. That is not to say, though, that the Jews did not regard the work of their women as important, for

they did so look upon it. Nor is it saying that they did not love and cherish their women as highly as the men of other stations. The fact is, there have been no people of any time or country that thought better of womanhood than the children of Abraham. And in this respect, too, the Nephites, their kinsmen, must have resembled them.

Sariah, Lehi's Wife.

The first of the Book of Mormon women to be mentioned here is Sariah, Lehi's wife. She is given three little sentences in the Record. On the occasion when the four boys returned from Jerusalem with the brass plates, our Old Testament, essentially, her son Nephi writes: "My mother, Sariah, was exceeding glad, for she truly had mourned because of us. For she had supposed that we had perished in the wilderness. And she also had complained against my father, telling him that he was a visionary man and that he had led us forth from the land of our inheritance to perish in the wilderness, because her sons were no more. After this manner had my mother complained against my father. But when we returned, my mother was comforted."

This has been taken to mean that Sariah was but poor spiritual consolation to her husband, however good a housewife she may have proved, for, after all, "man shall not live by bread alone." And that may easily be. But it may have been only a temporary mood, brought on by a terrible anxiety. There is a bare possibility, too, that this may have been an isolated case, just as in most homes today a batch of bad bread draws a fatherly comment because it is exceptional, whereas a hundred batches of good bread evoke no mention, because they are taken for granted. Not, of course, that I am defending Sariah in the situation. To complain is never really justifiable, however human it may be. I am only suggesting that her complaint should not be allowed to blind our eyes to her virtues. What stands out in the passage quoted is her motherly solicitude. She may not have the faith and trust in God that her husband has, but, if so, she probably has not so much knowledge, either. The simple words, "My mother was comforted," leaves room for the imagination.

Abish, the Lamanite.

Another woman mentioned in the Nephite record was named Abish. She was a Lamanite, and therefore what is said of her is the more remarkable since these people did not, on the whole, take any interest in religion. You will easily recall the circumstances in the case. Ammon, a Nephite missionary, has come among the Lamanites, under a special urge to convert them. He has preached the gospel to the king, who now lies prostrate on the ground, overcome by the Spirit. The queen also, pres-

ently, with Ammon and some herdsmen of the king's lies there from the same cause.

And now Abish comes upon the scene. Gladness is in her eye and on her face and in her heart. And so, in order that as many others as possible may experience the same sensation as herself, she rushes out and goes from house to house, telling everyone to "come and see." But when they have come, their hearts respond differently from hers. They are angry. They seek for the cause, and, as usual with bad humor, light on the wrong thing. It is the Nephite stranger, they think, that is responsible for all the trouble. But the maid knows it is due to the power of the Lord working in the prostrate forms. When she fears that one of them will hack Ammon to pieces, she goes to the queen, takes her by the hand, and revives her.

A woman is supposed not to be able to keep a secret. But Abish has one, and knows how to keep it, too. Here it is: Years before, perhaps when she was a little girl, her father—was he a Lamanite?—had a vision. What had become of him or how he come to have one, is left to the imagination, like so many other things in the Book of Mormon. But the vision was good seed put into fruitful soil with Abish. For his daughter, not daring to mention it to her ignorant and hardened associates, had secretly nursed and cherished it in her heart, waiting, no doubt, for the time when she might speak out. And now that time had come.

It is only a glimpse that we get of Abish—but a glimpse of a face that reveals much, if we use our imagination.

The Lamanite Queen.

And this Lamanitish queen, too, is interesting. We do not know what her name is. She is called merely "the queen." Her husband is king only of a province, not of all the Lamanites, and a bloody-minded fellow he is, too, till he is converted. For, as you know, he does not think twice over a trifling matter like running his poor herdsmen through with the sword because they have let thieves steal his majesty's cows or sheep. Of course, we must not allow ourselves to think of crowns and thrones, of fine silks and perfumed baths, of palaces and liveried servants, when we say "queen" in this case. For the Lamanites of those days were—well, Lamanites. But the queen was still a queen, and, as the old saying has it, all women are the same "under the skin."

When the king, her husband, had fallen, he was carried to her presence and laid on the bed. Believing him to be dead, although she declared he did not smell, she and her sons and daughters mourned over him after the fashion of her people. Two days he lay thus. Then she sent for Ammon, of whose prowess with the cattle thieves she had heard. "The servants of my husband," she said to him, "have told me that thou art a

prophet of a holy God and that thou hast power to do mighty things. Go in and see the king."

Ammon did so. This, of all things, was what he had desired. "He is not dead," was his simple comment, "but sleepeth in God. On the morrow he shall rise again. Do you believe this?"

"If you say it is so," she answered, "I believe."

"Blessed art thou," Ammon went on. "Woman, there has not been such great faith among all the Nephites."

This statement throws light, not only on the queen, but also on the Nephite women in general.

She watched at the bedside of her husband from that time till he rose on the following day, believing that, as Ammon had predicted, he surely would rise. When this event happened, the king said, stretching out his hand to his wife, "Blessed be the name of God, and blessed art thou. For as surely as thou livest, I have seen my Redeemer, who shall come forth and be born of a woman, and redeem all those who will believe on His name."

It was on this occasion that the queen with the rest, sank down, overpowered by the Spirit.

On being raised by Abish, she stood up on her feet and cried "with a loud voice," "O blessed Jesus, who has saved me from an awful hell! O blessed God, have mercy on this people!" Her hands folded and her heart overflowing with joy, she said things that those present were unable to understand. Then, taking the hand of her husband, just as Abish had taken hold of hers, she revived him.

The Ammonite Mothers.

In a letter of Helaman to Moroni during the great war between the Nephites and the Lamanites, less than three quarters of a century before the coming of Christ in the flesh, we get a glimpse of a group of mothers in their influence over their sons. These, too, happen to be Lamanite women, but women who have become converted to the teachings of the Nephites.

Here, as you will remember, is the setting: The king and queen and Abish, with their whole people and some thousands in other Lamanite provinces, have joined the church. In order to save them from being slaughtered by the unconverted Lamanites, Ammon and his fellow missionaries conduct them to the land of Zarahemla, where they were well received by the Nephites and are given the Land of Jershon as their home. And here they live in peace, guarded by an armed force of their white neighbors.

You will recall, too, that, when the war broke out, these Ammonites, as they were called, were very much troubled in spirit over their not being able to fight for their country, because they had made a covenant never again to shed human blood. As the war progressed, however, their boys grew up

into young men. Not having sworn, as their fathers had, not to shed human blood, these boys might enlist—which they did with the eagerness of youth looking for adventure and the heroic deed. There were two thousand of them, and they were led by no less a person than the high priest, Helaman. "They were all young men," says the record, "exceeding valiant for courage and also for strength and activity." Not only so. "They were men who were true at all times in whatsoever thing they were entrusted." Helaman calls them affectionately "my sons" and "my stripling Ammonites."

I need not here recount the details of their adventure. That I have done in another chapter of this book. It is enough to know that in all the battles these young men fought—and they were in many and contested with absolute indifference to their own safety—not one of them lost his life, although everyone of them was wounded, more or less seriously. What is the secret of this fact?

Their mothers' teachings, declares Helaman, when their captain asked them how it was that they obeyed his orders with such exactness, they told him their mothers had taught them. And when he inquired into the cause of their absolute faith that they would not fall in battle, he received the same answer, "Our mothers did teach us!" Those devout women had burned into their hearts the thought—"if you do not doubt, God will deliver you from death by the sword." It was a great tribute to the mothers of those two thousand boys— such a tribute as any mother, in whatever country or time, might well be proud of.

Estimate in Which Women Were Held.

Women, therefore, were held in high esteem among the Nephites, especially of the republic. Amulek, a companion of Alma on many of his preaching tours, speaks with reverence of women. The phrase "in defense of our wives and our children" formed a part of the Nephite battle cry, not only as an incentive for men to enlist, but also during an actual engagement. It was only in the last days of the nation that this estimate fell, that weapons of war were thrust into the hands of women and children.

Some of the Things Women Did.

As for the work women were required to do among this people, very little information is attainable by us now. In various places in the Book of Mormon we find statements to the effect that the women made "good homely cloth," that they spun, and that they made silk and "fine-twined linen." Doubtless, too, they prepared food for the household, looked after the education of the children, and in general did whatever was to be done about the home, meantime cultivating such feminine virtues as were deemed valuable in that age and under those conditions of life.

The above is a picture of Mrs. Joseph A. McGuire (center back row) of Honolulu, Hawaiian Mission; her mother, Mrs. S. K. Kaeo; her daughter, Mrs. George Lin; granddaughter, Mrs. Frank Rodrigues; and great granddaughter, Miss Evelin Rodrigues. Sister McGuire is well known to Hawaiian Missionaries, having entertained many of them in her home. She is an ardent Church worker in the Waikiki Branch; a faithful Relief Society teacher; and belongs to the Hawaiian Choir. She also does considerable temple work.

Cyrus E. Dallin and the Indians

By Lula Greene Richards

At the evening services in the Twentieth ward, Salt Lake City, August 15, 1926, a pleasing lecture was given by Cyrus E. Dallin, the oldest and best known of Utah sculptors. His theme, in the main, was his acquaintance with and admiration for the Aborigines of our country.

In Springville, Utah, where Mr. Dallin was born, the Indians often came and pitched their wigwams so that they were neighbors to the white settlers, and as a child the boy found much pleasure and obtained much useful information by associating with the boys of the "red skins," as they were sometimes called.

Several games were described, by the speaker, which he learned of the Indian children. The boys, as also the Indians generally, were found to be friendly and honest in their sports and in their dealings generally with the white people.

One thing, the little white boy envied his dark skinned playfellows for was that they never received corporal punishment for the childish mistakes they made, which could not be said of the children of English parents generally, to whom the admonition "spare the rod," etc., meant a great deal.

The free and easy manner of life which characterized the Indians, with their good natured, jovial talk carried a dignity, a charm for young Dallin which he failed to discover among many other people who were hard working and readily irritated.

The inspiration which was the forerunner awakening the latent fire of genius in the soul of the boy, was first really sensed at a "Peace Compact" which he witnessed between United States officers and Indian chiefs. These ceremonies took place in a large tent belonging to the white officers. This tent was pitched in a beautiful meadow surrounding one of the cool, pleasant springs. The officers were seated in the tent ready for the peace talk when the Indians came riding down through a mountain pass to join them. How majestic and splendid those Indian braves, all painted up and bedecked with beads and feathers, appeared to the appreciative boy it would be difficult to describe or even to imagine.

The head chief among the troop of Indians and two or three others closely associated with him dismounted and were directed to enter the tent where the white officers were. The other Indians remained on their horses where they sat very orderly, manifesting remarkable patience during the council of the leaders inside the tent. The business was attended to with much deliberation and a considerable length of time was consumed with it.

As soon as those authorized to take part in the council were all inside the tent, the front flap which was the door, was dropped so that those outside could not see what was being done inside. But boys were not to be kept from seeing "a circus" because the front entrance was closed. There were other ways. The back of the tent was but a short distance from a patch of green corn. It was a hot summer's day. The men in the tent would have to have air. The boys felt certain the back of the tent would be opened—and it was. And boys were there at the edge of the corn field to see and hear what was being done within the tent. To one boy at least the business of that Peace Compact was exceedingly interesting.

The spontaneous, simple sincerity and native dignity of the Indian chief who led in the business to be transacted made so profound an impression upon the boy that it was never to be forgotten.

The chief brought out a large, long stemmed pipe, which evidently was to be smoked as "The Pipe of Peace." He courteously offered it to the leader among the white officers to be smoked first. Not to be outdone in politeness by an Indian the white man cordially waved the pipe back to the chief to be first smoked by himself. The chief graciously accepted the consideration thus shown and after lighting the pipe drew a long breath from it and facing the east expelled the smoke slowly. Another wreath was inhaled, the chief turned and the smoke was blown toward the west. The same was repeated toward the north and toward the south. Then the smoke was blown up toward the sky, and lastly down toward the earth. This was done as a token that the chief pledged peace on all sides and in every direction with the white people.

When this performance was completed he carefully wiped the end of the stem with a corner of his blanket before passing the pipe again to the white man. The same routine was gone through by every man in the tent. Then they all shook hands heartily, which appeared to complete the proceedings.

After a while as the boy grew older the creative fire kindled in his soul became irresistible and had to seek expression. It took Cyrus E. Dallin away from his home, his kindred, all the beloved associations of his early life up to that time, to seek out the line of his life work and the possibilities awaiting him. He started out a poor young man with almost nothing to spend as he went, and with no knowledge of what was considered necessary to carry in traveling. He had no food with him and was soon hungry.

The railroad trains were new then in this part of the country. They had no sleepers or dining cars. You had to sleep where you sat if you slept on the train, and take with you what

you should eat or money to buy supplies at stopping places. Dallin had started for Chicago, taking nothing with him to eat and very little with which to buy supplies of any kind. He felt lonesome. He did not know anyone in the crowds around him. But he was not lonesome very long. Before the train pulled out a great joy came to him when he saw quite a delegation of Indians board the cars. They had been invited to go to the capitol of the United States and meet in council there with the president and other leaders of the government. Dallin was not long in making acquaintance with these dark travelers. They were Crow Indians, instead of Utes, with whom the boy had been so much associated formerly. But although their language was different to the Utes, the Indians had a sign language which seemed to be similar in the different tribes and familiar to all. The boy had a fairly good understanding of their sign language and soon picked up a few words so he could converse easily with the Crows, which was interesting and agreeable on both sides. It was not long either before the white boy was invited to join in feasting upon jerked meat and other edibles with which the Indians, being more wise than the boy had sensibly supplied themselves. For four days the journeying with those people, in whom the boy found much that was good to study, was a pleasure trip for which he was very thankful.

When the train passed through a dark tunnel there were no lights in the cars to be switched on, but all was total blackness. The Indians were greatly alarmed and grunted significantly. When they came out again into daylight every one of the Indians except two were standing erect and showed by their looks that they were badly frightened. The two exceptions had crawled under their seats as far as they could, where they lay huddled in great fear. They wanted Dallin to tell them what it meant. He had no language in which to explain it to them, except the sign language, in which they conversed. So, putting the tips of his fingers together and holding them up in a way to indicate the formation of a mountain, he pointed to the mountain outside the car window to show them what he meant. Then with his left hand, putting the tips of his thumb and fingers together he indicated the hole or tunnel which had been bored through a portion of the mountain, and with the index finger of his right hand described the train of cars rushing through the tunnel and coming out on the other side. The Indians understood and were satisfied. When they were rushed through another tunnel they were perfectly silent, there were no gruntings and no signs of fright when they saw daylight again.

As they were reaching the point where the Indians were to take train for Washington and the white boy for Chicago, the boy felt rather lonesome again. But he cheerfully shook hands

with the Indians and made them know that he appreciated their kind treatment and sociability towards him and that he would not forget them. After having shaken hands with each one except the head chief who was a large and powerful man, Dallin wondered if he dared to approach him. He had not spoken with that great man and did not know whether the chief had seen him or known that he was there with some of the less important of his company. But the big chief took notice, now seeming to sense the embarrassment the white boy felt, and manifested his friendly sentiments towards him by shaking his hand warmly and looking as though he felt good to acknowledge his presence and wished him well. Dallin thought a white man could not have shown a boy more consideration under such circumstances. The boy was made to feel less alone in the big world by the evidence of such genial fellowship from one of the people he already thought so well of.

Many years later on one of his trips home, Dallin, having business in Washington, D. C., found there another delegation of Indians just brought from the west. Pleased with the discovery the sculptor inquired of the Indians if any of them had been there before. To his delight he found one who had been in that other company and remembered the white boy with great satisfaction.

The lecturer next took his audience to Paris, France, at the time he was first there. Good fortune still favored him in bringing near to where he was a company of his favorite people, the American Indians. They were engaged to travel and perform through England, France, etc., by the famous American "cowboy, Buffalo Bill," (William Cody) with his troop of cow boys. Dallin hastened to the place where the Indians were to perform, delighted and expectant. Others also hurried there. The introduction of American Indians and cowboys was a great novelty in Paris,

One celebrity who took the young man's attention was the world renowned animal painter, Rosa Bonheur. She was dressed in a suit more like a man's than a woman's. Her head was covered with a small hat suited rather to a boy or man than a woman. Her dress and appearance throughout made it difficult to judge whether it was a man or a woman you saw. She, of course, was there to draw pictures of the horses to be ridden by the Indians and cowboys. Rosa hired a young man to hold a horse while she drew a picture of it. When she had finished her drawing she paid the man two francs for his help. Another fellow asked him, "How much did she pay you?" The one who had the honor of having been an assistant to the great artist replied, "Why do you say 'What did she pay you?' That is a man!" The first questioner said he would bet as much as the money paid that the artist was

a woman. The honored one took the bet and of course lost the money he had earned.

Rosa wanted to speak to the Indian chief and he was invited down from the stand where the Indians were seated to talk with the noted artist. Their talk had to be interpreted for them by some of the men who understood the different languages and could interpret. But they liked each other and expressed kindly feelings. Rosa presented the chief with a finger ring and said it was offered as a token of friendship. The Indian took the ring and placed it on his finger and said he accepted it as a token of friendliness. He held his hand up and looking at the ring declared, "Before that ring shall leave my finger the finger shall leave my hand."

The artist was highly pleased with the gallantry displayed by the chief and had him told that she greatly appreciated the noble sentiment he had expressed, and that a "Frenchman could not have said it better." The Indian name of the chief being interpretted meant "Soaring Eagle," or something of the kind, and Rosa had him told that in one respect there was a similarity in his name and hers, both were words with meanings—Bonheur meant "good feelings" or "happiness."

Dallin's first finished piece of sculptor was an Indian on a horse—carrying out, in a measure at least, that first great inspiration revealing the line which was to determine his life work. His famous memorial statue of the noble Indian, Massasoit, at Plymouth, Massachusetts, is another demonstration of his faithfulness to early impressions in his chosen work. Loyal to his native state, a model of each of these productions stands in the State Capitol of Utah.

Still clinging to his deep set fascination for the Indians, Dallin's imposing statue of the great pioneer leader, Brigham Young, standing in the center of the road at the crossing of South Temple and Main Street in Salt Lake City, Utah, has on the east side of its pedestal an Indian hunter in the act of shooting with bow and arrow. And in keeping with this idea the sculptor at the close of his lecture stressed the fact that President Brigham Young was an earnest friend of the Indians and always admonished his people to treat them with fairness and friendliess.

A gigantic statue of "The Peace Indian" erected in some appropriate place in Utah and done by Cyrus E. Dallin, according to the ideal which was born in his soul as a boy, would be a splendid achievement which the native state of the sculptor would do well to foster.

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EDITORIAL

The Passing of Edward H. Anderson

The dean of the editors of Church magazines has gone to his reward. For thirty years he has attended to the multiplicity of details that must be taken care of if a magazine is to reach its readers in good shape and on time. Nothing comes by chance, and this is true in the severest sense when applied to magazine work. Every cut, every word, that enriches and adorns the pages must be attended to with the utmost scrupulosity. That Edward H. Anderson has done his work painstakingly and well the pages of the *Era* bear eloquent witness.

At the service held Sunday, February 5th, in the Richards Ward Chapel, the speakers dwelt on the fact that Edward H. Anderson was a man of sound judgment, trustworthy in every sense of the word and a Latter-day Saint to the very core. All of these attributes have been reflected in the pages of the *Improvement Era* these many years.

It has been our good fortune to mingle rather closely with Editor Anderson and to have recourse to his good advice, backed as, it was, by years of experience. Our feeling is the general feeling of those who have been close to him, that respect for him and admiration of him grew with the years. His was a gentle and refined spirit.

In this day when a veritable host of critics can be found who declare that spirituality has taken wing and that we are the victims of a mechanistic civilization, it is refreshing and reassuring to know men like Edward H. Anderson. It is a source of consolation to realize that his deep-seated spirituality has made itself felt on every editorial page and in the exercise of his function as critic over a period covering nearly half his earthly life.

At the service Junius F. Wells, with whom Elder Anderson had connections early in his literary career, read a poem written by Editor Anderson entitled "My Star." On the 26th day of January it was our pleasure, at the Creative Artists dinner held in connection with the Leadership Week at the Brigham Young University, to listen to Editor Anderson respond to a toast. During his brief address he read this poem with much the same zest, we fancy, as in the days when he was a younger man and the poem was new. Those of us who heard the reading only seven days before his passing were peculiarly touched when we heard it read again by Elder Wells.

His life was a hallowed life and the memory of it will always inspire those who knew him with fidelity, courage and faith. He was the servant of us all and above all else he was the servant of the Master, the greatest of all servants.

Now's the Time to Swat

We have had placed on our desk an editorial on the fly, published in the *Minneapolis Journal*. It is so timely that we are including it in our editorial columns.

Now is the best time of the whole year to swat flies, as Dr. W. A. Evans remarked sometime since in his column on this page. Why swat flies in the winter, when they are so scarce? Because their very scarcity, plus the fact that those which dodge the swatter cannot seek refuge outdoors, makes a thorough job possible.

In our dealings with the fly pest, most of us are like the Arkansas mountaineer who never patched his leaky roof, because the job could not be done in the rain, and did not need doing in fair weather. We go energetically about the business of swatting flies only when they are so plentiful as to arouse our ire, which is in the summer, when they are likewise so plentiful that there is little chance to effect even a visible reduction in their numbers. But now that it is winter and flies are so few that we could virtually exterminate the breed in Minneapolis, we do not swat as we should, for they are not noticeably bothering us.

Save for those that travel into town on vehicles or railway trains, every one of the millions of flies that make nuisances of

themselves in Minneapolis in summer, is a descendant of some fly that survived the preceding winter inside of some building right here in town. The average fly seldom travels more than a hundred yards from its birthplace under its own power. So the winter's flies in any locality are the ancestors of the subsequent summer's flies in that same region.

One swat in December saves a thousand swats in August. The parent, who, in midsummer, pays his little boy a nickel a dozen bounty on swatted flies could save money by rasing the price to ten cents a head between November and March.

If every household er, and every user of business premises, were to hunt down vigilantly the few flies that now warm themselves under his roof, Minneapolis would come mighty close to being a flyless town next summer.

The Centenary of the Birth of Henrik Ibsen

It will be one hundred years on the 20th of March, 1928, since Henrik Ibsen, the great Norwegian dramatist, was born. He was a pathfinder, discovering new ways to do old things. He has very fittingly been called the Norwegian Shakespeare, and is generally allowed to be the greatest of all our modern dramatists. His greatest disciple is George Bernard Shaw, the man whose statements have such uncommon news value among contemporary men of letters. We are living in an age of realism. Ibsen was one of the first writers to give us a representation of what realism means in drama. A few days ago John Van Durten, the British critic and dramatist, who is the author of *Young Woodley,* stated that what Ibsen had done, to borrow an American phrase, was to "debunk" drama. In other words he has taken out of it the make-believe material and has attempted to show things as they actually exist.

We are especially interested in Ibsen because his greatest play, *The Doll's House,* is a plea for a life for woman commensurate with the powers with which she is endowed. Nora had been educated to have superficial and incorrect notions of life. Consequently, when the disillusionment came she faced a terrible tragedy and precipitated a terrible tragedy for her family. Nevertheless, as she went forth from her home leaving husband and children she said, in so many words, I go forth to find out what the facts are concerning life. All of Ibsen's plays emphasize this idea. Shaw very whittily said that "Ibsen came to call the righteous (meaning the self-righteous) to repentance."

It is notable that his country was among the first to grant suffrage to women, and that very early in the struggle Norwegian women were to be found in the Norwegian Parliament. It is sig-

nificant of the spirit of the nation, Ibsen taught, that the first woman to be made an ambassador to any country was to Norway. Russia had taken Ibsen and all his countrymen at their word and had appointed a woman to be its representative, and she was accepted.

We feel it would be unpardonable neglect for a woman's magazine to pass by the centenary of Henrik Ibsen without drawing attention to the very notable work he did for the emancipation of women.

The Adventures of Mr. Fly

By Ann M. Bennion

The first place I remember in my life, was a nice, dirty pig pen. I must have been very tiny because there were millions of us in one little space.

Oh! Ho! it was a fine place. Just billions of big, fat germs, just what us flies like to live on.

One day I decided to venture out into the world, so I left the rest of the family, and gathering a lot of germs on my legs, I started out. I soon came to a house where there were several children playing. Of course I wanted to be generous with them so I unloaded my germ-laden legs on them and flew on into the house. There, in the first room, lay a little girl tossing with fever. I heard someone say, it's typhoid.

I could see several other flies playing around her so I went over, and there were all kinds of fine, fat typhoid germs, so I loaded my legs with them and flew into the next room where a baby was playing on the floor. I deposited some of my germs on him, then again I flew outside but just as I flew out there was a strong breeze struck me and blew me a long distance.

By the time I was able to land I was very hungry. I searched all around but was unable to find one thing to eat. I looked around and everything seemed so strange. There were very few flies. I just thought to myself, "This is a poor place for Mr. Fly to live."

I decided I'd go in the house but as I hit what I thought was the doorway I almost broke my neck for there was a screen stretched. I crept around and around for almost two hours trying to find a place to get in. I thought, "Well, Mr. Fly, you are doomed to die from hunger." But all at once the screen opened and let me tell you I lost no time in flying through the door. Prospects seemed much worse inside for everything was so clean I could

find nothing at all to drink or eat.

Soon I heard a girl say, I am going to put out some formaldahyde for these flies. Of course I thought she was just feeling sorry for us. So I sat down on the table and waited. Soon she came with a saucer and placed it right by me. I went up and drank from the dish. Oh! it was good and even sugar in it. But just at this stage, oh, dear me, my head, my stomach, oh, all over I was so sick.

So I decided to lie down until I felt better. I saw my few comrades lying about me. Some were moaning, some were groaning, but oh, something was happening. Now we were all being gathered together into a dish pan. I turned over and could see we were going toward a big flame of fire. I knew this was my last chance, so I picked up all the strength I could muster up and flew across the room to the door. I stayed there until the fresh air had revived me. I felt I must have something to eat or I should surely perish.

Just then someone brought out some nice roast beef. I thought I'd be very careful how I ate of it, but it was not necessary to prepare at all, for just as I went to light I heard someone say, "Swat that fly." Of course I didn't know what they meant, but I thought it was time for me to go, but just as I turned something came smash down on me breaking my wing and stunning me.

I could not say how long I lay there on the floor, but when I came too, I looked up and saw the screen open. I thought right then, "This is no place for me," so I flew out of the door and out to the pig pen. It was also very clean but my attention was soon drawn to a screen in some little slats inside of which was flies.

I thought I should like to go in so I hunted around until I found a little funnel leading into it. But when I got in there was no way of getting out.

I have been and talked to some of the other flies and find out it is a fly trap and here I am doomed to stay until I die. But although this is a tragic death it is better than to live in that spotless, clean house where one's life is always in danger.

National Council of Women of the United States

Jennie B. Knight

As we were leaving the convention hall on the 16th floor of Hotel Waldorf-Astoria, Dec. 5, 1927, we glanced through the window and found that night had crept upon us unawares. The grandeur of the scene before us held us spell bound. Far as one could catch the view were shadow-like buildings. On a level and higher than the hotel arose turrets, towers, domes and minarets, reaching into a star lighted sky. From this unusual silhouette, shown myriads of lights resembling the stars, some more brilliant than the rest, but each steadfast in its place giving light in needed places.

And so the National Council of Women sends forth its light in its effort "to advance the best good of our homes and nation by the promotion of greater unity of thought, sympathy and purpose," and in its desire to "overthrow all forms of ignorance and injustice."

The purpose of the National Council of Women, according to Article 11 of the By-Laws and Standing Rules, is to maintain connection with the International Council of Women of which it is the representative in this country, and to serve as a clearing-house for National Organizations of women in the United States assembling and exchanging methods of its constituent organizations. It will not undertake common programs, or pass joint resolutions effecting the policy of the constituent organizations. At present it has standing committees on citizenship, Child-Welfare Education, Equal Moral standards, Extension, Federal Legislation, Finance, Immigration, Industrial Relations, Motion Pictures, Music, Permanent Peace, Publicity, Public Health, and Special Committees on Art, Letters, Re-organization, Pan-American-Standard of Admission.

Perhaps the subject which required the greatest amount of time and attention during this session was the matter of Re-organization.

The lights from the National Council of Women which have shone brightly and effectively for forty years in their organized effort will not go out but continue "to advance the best good of our homes and nation." The council will continue "to maintain connection with the International Council of Women of which it is the representative in this country."

There are at the present time, thirty-four member societies

in the council with standing committees on Citizenship, Child-Welfare Education, Equal Moral Standards, Extension, Federal Legislation, Finance, Immigration, Industrial Relations, Motion Pictures, Music, Permanent Peace, Publicity, Public Health, and Special Committees on Art, Letters, Re-organization, Pan-American and Standard of Admission.

All sessions of the conference were replete with information and inspiration. At the official opening of the convention Monday evening, the invocation was by Rev. Anna Garlin Spencer. Greetings and welcomes were extended by the chairman of the local committee and the mayor of New York City, Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Spencer, both honorary officers.

The president's address followed in which she paid high tribute to those who in the service of the council "gave selflessly of their strength and vision, then passed into silence, leaving their memories and inspiration as a precious heritage." She gave a brief history of the accomplishments of the council from its organization in 1888, calling attention also to the International Council. Among the many achievements of the National Council she mentioned "the establishment by congress of the U. S. Children's Bureau in 1912, following the recommendations of Presidents Roosevelt and Taft, and urged by twelve of the most influential women's organizations." Any reference to the Children's Bureau naturally aroused a sense of pride in the Utah delegates, because of the cooperation of the Relief Society with the bureau.

The President in her address reminded those present of the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment, the development of social agencies for the prevention of delinquency, including juvenile courts; the demand for trained policewomen; the participation of women on committees in the League of Nations; the work of a body of experts for the League in investigating Traffic in Women and Children, and many other important features of the work of the council.

A resume of the character and purpose of each of the affiliated organizations was most interesting, of our organizations she said: "The Women's Relief Society and the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Society are important branches of the Church of the Latter-day Saints. The former has a membership of almost 60,000 engaged in welfare and cultural and educational development. The latter is composed of the young women from 14 to 20 years of age particularly, and has well developed programs of supervised recreational activities, character training is a fundamental part of the program." She said that "never in the history of the country has race and religious prejudices and corruption in public office been more evident." She called attention to the need of training for home-making, parenthood, law

observance and other problems that required intelligent consideration and action, and in which we should be vitally interested.

The morning sessions of the conference in which delegates only were permitted to participate were opened by a salute to the flag. Matters of business were conducted with dispatch as outlined in the printed programs.

Luncheon meetings, under the supervision of the various standing committees were held each day. The services of specialists in the various fields of endeavor were secured for these gatherings. Among others Mr. Pascom Johnson, who, having just returned from Geneva, gave an enlightening account of the work of a committee of experts, appointed by the League of Nations to study international traffic in women and children. "A notable and epoch making study which will undoubtedly influence many communities now sanctioning registration of prostitutes and segregation of vice, to abandon this unscientific practice and close the markets which stimulate the supply" said Mrs. Parker.

The committee on immigration had given extensive study to that problem of separated families and the immigration law. The matter was considered at length in which many distressing cases were cited which would justify a modification of the law. Proposed methods of bringing relief to an unprecedented situation were placed before the convention.

Space and time are insufficient to mention all of the valuable programs that were enjoyed, but the presence of such women as Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt on Practical Problems in Patriotism, Dr. Josephine Baker and Miss Grace Abbott on Child Welfare, and Dr. Alice Hamilton and others is sufficient guarantee of a good program.

The problem of re-organization absorbed the attention of the delegates throughout a number of sessions.

Progress was the precedent set by the founders of the council. In keeping with this precedent, the present board of directors selected Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer chairman of a committee on re-organization. After a careful survey of the status of the member societies, which required two years time and much labor, Mrs. Spencer gave to the delegates assembled, five proposed plans for re-organization. After consideration of these plans by the body as a whole, a committee was chosen by the president, Mrs. Valeria H. Parker, to study the plans and report their recommendation to the assembly. Mrs. Martha H. Tingey, of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, was a member of this committee.

After careful deliberation the committee reported their recommendations which asked for a proposed modification of plan No.

1, and No. 5, which were read and discussed by the convention, the final vote to be taken at an adjourned meeting of the council to be held in New York, February 7, 1928. A month's notice is required to change the constitution and by-laws.

The evening sessions were open to the public. The presidents' night was especially interesting. National problems of interest to some of the representative women's organizations of the United States were presented by national presidents. Martha H. Tingey of the Y. L. M. I. A. Board was one of the speakers. The presidents of all affiliated organizations or their proxies had places on the platform and were introduced to the assembly. This meeting resulted in a better understanding of each other's problems.

The peace program of the convention was reserved for the International Banquet which was held in the Astor Gallery of the hotel.

The splendor of the scene was enhanced by the speakers table being on a raised platform, the background formed by an immense American flag in front of which were seated the officers of the council, including our own secretary Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman, the speakers, and special guests.

Dr. Valeria Parker, toastmistress, was equally as charming in this capacity as president. The program is one long to be remembered. Dr. Alice Hamilton, member of the health committee, League of Nations, was the first speaker, followed by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, on "The Briand Treaty." Miss Jane Addams of Hull House, closed with an address "Women of the World."

The Utah delegates to the convention were fortunate in having a table next to the platform; they were: Mrs. J. W. Knight, Mrs. Martha H. Tingey, Miss Clarissa Beesley, Miss May Anderson, Mrs. H. H. Rolapp, Mrs. Harvey Fletcher, Mrs. Howard Driggs, Mrs. W. H. Moyle, and Mrs. Howard Stoddard.

Many social functions were arranged for the delegates, the concert under the auspices of the Federation of Music Clubs was a delightful affair. It was held in the elaborately decorated Empire Room. All numbers on the program were rendered by artists and much enjoyed.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, entertained at a buffet luncheon for Presidents of Member Societies of the Council at her home. Mrs. Tingey and I were among the guests, and enjoyed the hospitality of a most gracious and charming hostess, as well as a more intimate association with other presidents. It is a privilege of a high order to be able to attend one of the Conventions of the National Council of Women.

"Unto the Least of These"

By Frank C. Steele

Martha Claydon stood in the door of the cottage watching the sun rise. For years she had snatched this cool, tranquil hour for herself. The Claydon family in the cottage, and the scores of other mill people in the cottages crowded along Montgomery street, still slept. The early morning stillness brooded over that long row of white and green, four-room houses, their east windows reflecting the rose-blazoned horizon. Far down the avenue intersecting Montgomery street, a street car rumbled, the first tram to make its appearance after the few fitful hours of traffic idleness between one and five o'clock.

Back on the farm in Dodge county, long before the Claydons moved to Atlanta, Martha was always the first out of bed and first in the sweet-smelling pine woods. The sight of the sun, poised in its glory against the dew-cleansed sky, its light piercing the dense foliage and making the leaves and flowers sparkle like gems, was a constant inspiration to her. Unuttered dreams and longings it aroused, vague and fearful at first, later more sure and distinct.

Martha reflected then and she reflected now: "This great sun brings to us each succeeding day a new birth with new opportunities and hopes. Henry, in there sleeping, doesn't know it. But it has come to me and I am thankful—this knowledge, this Voice whispering comfort and encouragement and an assurance of that Light which will some day come to me and mine, that Light and Peace which passeth all understanding."

It was in the days of her young womanhood that Martha first heard that "Peace of God which passeth all understanding." It was a precious hope dropped by a traveling preacher in Dodge county during a street meeting in the county seat. To Martha the simple message of this earnest, young man of God, was a revelation. She had clung to his promise like the shipwrecked mariner clings to a bit of driftwood. Peace! Martha had found little of it. Her wan face, old beyond its years, her hands, peeled and rough, her body worn by toil in the mill and the exacting duties of the family and home—these combined to tell the story of Martha Claydon. And yet there was a part of Martha that was not broken. This was her spirit and her spirit had never wavered.

"I must cling to you, sun, for you keep the hope burning," mumbled Martha, standing in the doorway, her fingers clutching the door, her face encircled in a halo of sunlight.

The waking world aroused her from her reverie. The —— was now a flaming ball far across the mass of roofs and chimney and spires. A deep, hoarse whistle blew somewhere below Montgomery street. Martha cast a last, longing look into the blue sky. Her hour was over. Like a mantle the spiritual dropped from her. She was now Martha Claydon, factory woman and wife and mother to those who loved her in their own way, but who did not, could not, understand.

Martha, quietly and mechanically, lit the cordwood in the kitchen stove, made the coffee, mixed the biscuit and placed it in the oven, covered the bottom of a frying pan with slices of bacon and filled a glass pitcher with cane syrup.

"Henry, get up, breakfast's nearly ready. Call Eva May, Sarah Jane and Wilbur. And Henry, please don't keep the food waiting. Get up now and wash."

Minutes later the Claydons surrounded the white kitchen table bolting hot biscuit, black coffee and odorous shreds of pork. Their breakfast fare never changed. Martha had once tried to vary it in conformity to a schedule she read in the Sunday paper, but Henry had grumbled about "these new-fangled notions about eating" being expensive and not intended for mill folk. Martha never ventured to experiment again.

The family ate in silence until Wilbur revived an old subject by saying: "Ma's bin at it again, pa. She's bin lookin' at the sun—I kin tell by the look in her eyes."

"Yes, I know, and you needn't be tellin' me, and Martha, you all need that extra hour's sleep and there you go wastin' it lookin' at the sun as though you were—well—a leetle bit—queer."

"Go on, pa, I'm used to it."

"Ma, be reasonable," rejoined the son, as he helped himself to another slice of bacon; "you're agettin' on in years and pa wants you to take life as easy as you kin. Instead, you git up to meet the sun. Gee, the sun to me means work, a heap o' work, six days in the week, fifty-two weeks in the year."

"My son, the sun to your mother means hope."

There was a laugh.

"Hope o' what, ma?"

"Of deliverance."

The rest of the Claydons dumbly surveyed the mother. Henry found words at last: "Ma, these notions are doin' yer no good. We're poor folk, ma, don't forgit that. God intended fer us to be poor. He loves the poor—"

"Yes, pa, God loves the poor, perhaps, but he doesn't love poverty. He doesn't love to see His children live like beasts. He wants them to be free. Free, pa, not from honest work—I guess

I've done my share of that and I'm proud of it—but free from poverty, pa, poverty of body, of mind, of soul."

Martha's face wore a suggestion of the warmth her heart felt as she tried to make them understand—understand just a little.

"Ma, it sorta hurts to hear yer talk like that. Don't I want yer to go to the movies on Saturdays and to church—?"

"Yes, Henry, you do the best you can for us. I'm not complaining. But I dislike the movies we get out here, pa, you know that, and the church—well, does the church give us poor folks very much to tie to?"

"Rev. Chappell is a powerful preacher, Martha, and it's the old time preachin' we git, not the new stuff, they say they are handin' out in the Tabernacle every Sunday. I guess Bethel Baptist church is good enough fer me, Martha."

"It won't be, pa, when the Light comes. And it's going to come, Henry, it's going to come."

"Ma, hush; yer goin'—"

"Shut up, Wilbur Claydon. Ma's all right and don't you get smart," cried Eva May, savagely, drowning the rasping tones of her brother.

"Eva May's right, Wilbur. This isn't yer affair," said the father, turning to the youth, putting on his cap to leave. Then:

"But, ma, folks are atalkin'."

Martha made no reply.

Soon after Henry's parting suggestion the Claydon house was still. The blinds were drawn. The older members of the family, including the mother, were at their places in the mill. The younger ones soon would depart for the neighborhood school and Montgomery street would drowse through the long, sultry hours of the July day.

Miles across the city on Fair street, later the same day, two young ladies were hastily removing hats and gloves in an effort to find relief from the pitiless heat.

"Sister Fairley, this has been such a hard, wearisome day," one of the missionaries—for missionaries they were, an attractive girl just entering her twenties, cried languidly as she dropped into an easy chair and reached for a glass of water. "You know I have been wondering seriously today whether our work is worthwhile, whether or not we are doing any good."

"Why, Sister Elliott, you must combat that spirit. Try hard not to be discouraged, I know many of the people we call on are indifferent, some are even rude, and the weather is hot."

"Hot, hot—I should say it is hot! Really, Sister Fairley, I was on the verge of fainting several times while tracting Montgomery street. The sun beat down on those bare, little cottages in fiendish glee. Talk about misery! The houses I entered

were like ovens, kiddies crying, mothers at the mill—O, it was awful."

"You paint a vivid picture, Sister Elliott, and a true one. But remember, these poor folk have souls, they are our Father's children and entitled to the blessings of salvation through the gospel. There are thousands of honest, splendid souls among them," replied the senior missionary, earnestly.

"They care nothing for our message. Poverty has killed every spark of interest in anything higher than their own simple, colorless life. It is useless to try to reason with them, they simply haven't the mental capacity or the desire to learn. I tell you, it is a waste of time going up one street and down another, giving away our tracts only to have them thrown away—wasted."

"Thrown away, perhaps, but hardly wasted. In fact, I think very few of our tracts in this field are thrown away. Christ's message, you know, was rejected, yet who dare say that one precious act, one saving word of His, was in vain? Christ had a definite message to give to the world, so do we missionaries. He was scorned, ridiculed, abused, cast out and slain—O, the tragedy, the pathos of it all!—yet he did not complain or murmur. No sacrifice was too great, no soul too lowly to be sent away without his ministration."

"Sister Fairley, you are getting 'preachy' again, and I don't feel like I can endure it today. I guess it's wrong, but I simply can't tract in those mill areas and I won't. Why don't we try to interest people of education and culture, people who can grasp the principles of the gospel—I mean the better class?"

"The better class! My dear, Christ knew no better class. They were all sheep who needed the Good Shepherd. Did he not say that inasmuch as ye 'did it unto the least of these, my children, ye did it unto me?' No, it is the experience of the church in all ages that it is the poor who receive the gospel, the rich rarely."

"Please don't argue. I have my own views and am entitled to them and I maintain that we spend too much time working in the poor sections of the city. I can't do it. I never did like this field and this southern climate is killing."

There was a silence. The younger girl had flung herself in a heap on the bed. There she broke into tears. In her hand was a letter from home. This she had forgotten in the surge of feelings aroused in the discussion of missionary work. Her companion, Julia Fairley, quietly went about the little apartment preparing for dinner. The practical Julia knew what a tasty meal with clean linen, sparkling china and silver, and a bouquet of freshly-cut roses from the backyard garden of "Grandma" Cobb, their landlady, could do in restoring the morale of this tempera-

mental girl, the president of the mission had entrusted to her two months ago.

Lavaun aroused herself after her first flood of tears had dried on her troubled face. Adjusting her hair, she sat up and looked around the "chummy" little room.

"Don't forget your letter, Sister Elliott," reminded her companion, calling from the kitchenette, where she was slicing tomatoes. "You know the magic of a letter from home."

Julia hoped it would be filled with encouragement. O, that the folks "back home" realized the importance of a newsy, cheerful letter to a missionary in the field! So thought Julia as she cautiously watched two nervous fingers break open the seal.

As the younger girl began to read her face grew resentful and set. Without replacing the letter in the envelope, she thrust it in the pocket of her skirt and arose. Reaching for her hat she jerked it into place and before Julia could intercept her, she half ran from the room, down the long flight of stairs, through the front door and out into Fair street, now shadowy in the slowly gathering gloom.

Martha was the first of the Claydon family to return home in the evening. She invariably left the mill in the vanguard of the army of hands which nightly poured from the huge, brick factory. It was a relief to Martha to get out where the air was pure and things were green and growing. Then the mother knew the supper problem faced her for while Betty Jane was a mighty clever girl for her age, there were still many culinary tasks she could not do.

After making a few purchases of groceries at the chain store on the corner of Montgomery and Marietta streets, Martha picked her way along the sidewalk, dodging schools of playing children, home-bound workers, white and colored, and others milling up and down the now crowded street.

The sun poured its stifling evening heat into Montgomery street and Martha wiped the moisture from her face as she neared her home to be welcomed by the younger Claydons. Reaching the porch Martha, prompted by habit, looked into the mail box, extracting a circular, a bill from a sewing machine company, a sample package of corn meal, a letter for Eva May, from a girl friend in Miami, and a little pamphlet which Martha at once recognized as a religious tract.

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST
AND EVENTS TO PRECEDE IT.
by
Elder B. H. Roberts

Martha's eyes scanned the title page. It was only another of the many tracts flooding the country in an effort to stem the

growing tide of doubt and open infidelity among thoughtful people weary of the vague, fantastic theories of life and death advanced by the sectarian ministry, she thought. Religion attracted Martha, but the churches repelled her. To the rational mind of this woman of the mill, the Church as she knew it was out of touch with life. Yearnings for knowledge on the vital things she had gone to numerous altars only to turn away in disappointment and disgust. She had begged for bread, they had given her a stone, a cold, unnatural, obsolete thing, as unsatisfying as the so-called rationalism she had heard preached in the uptown Forum.

Yet hope had not died in the breast of Martha Claydon. That big, wonderful Something—that "Peace which passeth all understanding"—would some day come to her. This thought was the peg on which she hung all her spiritual dreams.

Martha read the opening paragraph of the tract. It had a different ring from any similar literature that had come under her notice. "Of all events that will take place in the immediate future the most important to mankind is the glorious appearance of the Son of God," it read. Hastily turning the leaves, her eyes fell on the closing paragraph. The words were penetrating:

"Despise not this testimony and warning, because he who bears it is a representative of a cause and people everywhere spoken against. Remember that Satan has ever opposed the work of God and those who labor to establish it. If he did so in former ages, will not this opposition be more fierce in the dispensation when the work of God is to become triumphant, resulting in the overthrow of the powers of darkness and binding them? Such, it would seem, are the plain dictates of reason—such are the facts. Be not deceived, then, reader, whoever you may be, by the infamous falsehoods in circulation about the Latter-day Saints, but examine these things with a prayerful heart that you may know of their truth and escape the calamity that shall befall those who 'reject the counsels of God against themselves.'"

Following these impressive words were others announcing the meeting place of the church and an open air service Saturday night on the corner of Marietta street and Jackson avenue. The woman hesitated. Once she made a gesture of indifference as if anxious to cast aside the tract. But again she looked at it, then thrust it into the pocket of her checkered skirt and entered the house.

That night when the little Claydons were enjoying their healthful, pre-midnight sleep and their older brothers and sisters were imbibing their usual week-end thrill at the movies, Martha read with care the "Mormon" tract from cover to cover. At her elbow was her Bible. She was still studying the booklet

when her husband sauntered in from his nightly ramble up Marietta street as far as the Star Pool Parlors.

He gave his wife the customary greeting: "Come on, ma, let's get a few winks o' sleep 'fore mornin'."

"Very well, pa."

Ten minutes later the tiny white light in the Claydon cottage on Montgomery street was switched off.

It was Saturday afternoon, the afternoon following the unceremonious exit of Lavaun Elliott from the missionary apartment. The previous night had been one of horrors for Julia Fairley, her companion. She had vainly searched the neighborhood. Then she notified the elders. They made inquiries and weighed the wisdom of advising mission headquarters and of enlisting the aid of the city police.

Fatigued in body and apprehensive in mind, Julia had returned to the deserted apartment. It seemed hours, the lonely vigil for Lavaun, who had appeared, calm and uncommunicative, shortly before midnight. Few words had been said, the runaway missionary making an incidental though informative remark about the play at the Atlanta. She had kissed her companion when she discovered a sympathetic arm encircling her and leading her into the tiny bedroom with its light softly shaded, and its air agreeably tinged with the odor of roses from a nearby garden.

The afternoon wore on. There was no break in the heat wave, the evening papers telling of suffering in some parts of the city and unprecedented heat records in the downtown section. The missionary girls, their Saturday pressing and cleaning and writing done, were seated on the upstairs veranda, reading.

Looking up from the current issue of the *Liahona,* Julia studied the ruminative face of her companion, absorbed in the Music and Drama page of the *Journal.*

"There's a street meeting tonight, Sister Elliott, on the corner of Jackson and Marietta, and President Graves particularly desires that we be there to assist with the singing," she ventured.

There was no answer.

"We'll have an early supper, then take the car ahead of the elders in order to give us time to call at Sister Pearce's to see Lucy. She isn't at all well, you know, and they are really alarmed about her.

"I'm not going to this street meeting," was the quick comeback.

It was another challenge, for defiance was written in the eyes that met those of the senior missionary.

"Such utter bondage—work, work every day with no relief, not even on a furiously hot Saturday. I can't endure this any longer, Sister Fairley, no recreation, a show once a month, a

cottage meeting or something every time a great musician or actor comes to the city. What chance has one to improve? The folks at home expect a missionary to be so tremendously transformed on their return—they look for a superman or superwoman, almost. And one should take advantage of the opportunity to learn and to absorb a little culture. God expects us to. I've heard it preached. But here—what do we do? I needn't tell you, you know. Look at this announcement. Josef Hoffmann at the Auditorium tonight. O, how I've longed, even prayed, to hear him. Does President Graves know he is to play tonight? I'd say he doesn't. He is positively dead to art. And even if he did know he'd arrange a meeting or visit in the mill district among those simple, staring people. It's too much, Sister Fairley, they ask too much. Then, then I'm lonely and unhappy. Dad scolds me in his letters, you think I'm a lost sheep, or something else terrible, and the elders don't understand me."

"I think I understand, Sister Elliott, your craving for art, music, the glamor of the world. These have their place—I love them, too—but more, O, so much more, I love this mission, this call to service among people who are starving for that Something we the Latter-day Saints alone possess—the gospel in its entirety, coupled with the holy priesthood to officiate in its ordinances. We have the Truth to give the world. That is why our work is the biggest, noblest, most vital in the world. I think you ought to go to the meeting tonight. I have been in the field a year and a half and these open-air meetings are wonderful faith-promoters, I have found."

"A year and a-half! You lucky, lucky girl. No, it's final. I'm going to hear Hoffmann at the Auditorium, I may never get the chance again."

"But, Sister Elliott, it would be breaking counsel to go to the concert. Please don't do it."

The other girl smiled and behind that smile seemed to loom the challenge of the evil one.

"It doesn't matter, Sister Fairley. See this letter? It is to the president asking either for a release to go home or a transfer to New York. I simply can't carry on here with everyone suspicious of me and talking about me, and as for my work—it hasn't counted for that." And she snapped her finger.

Downstairs, the door bell rang. Down the hall shuffled the feet of "Grandma" Cobb. The door opened, a person entered, mounted the stairs, approached the door of the missionary apartment and rapped.

The girls came in from the veranda and faced a woman in a plainly cut summer dress of muslin and a hat of last year's vintage. A spray of violets in her dress suggested a certain daintiness. She carried a sun shade. The hands that held it

were not hands that would have caught the eye of an artist, unless he sought a model for honesty and toil. Her eyes were clear and frank; her voice proved soft and warm and glowed with a richness that marked her as superior.

"Good evening, ladies," the visitor said.

"Good evening. Won't you please come in?" said Julia.

"Thank you."

She was shown a chair in the little living room.

"Are you the 'Mormon' missionary girls?"

"Why, yes, we are proud to say we are."

"Then you are the girls I came miles in the heat to see."

"It is an oppressive day. Won't you have a drink?"

"Thank you—yes."

The visitor drank the water during a somewhat awkward silence.

"The water was refreshing. It was thoughtful of you, miss." Then: "I won't keep you waiting longer. Friday—that was yesterday—I came home from the mill and found in the mail box a little tract, 'The Second Coming of Christ.' I was about to throw it away when my eyes became riveted on the closing paragraph and something seemed to burn within me. So I kept it and read it and reread it that evening. I read it again this morning and resolved to find the 'Mormon' missionaries. I could hardly wait for the tract sounded like the sermon of a young preacher I heard thirty years ago in Dodge county, my old home. I found your Church, but it was locked. A boy directed me here."

She stopped and wiped her eyes. Then continued:

"I knew I was in the right place as soon as I saw this young lady"—and she pointed to Lavaun; "for, you see, I had a dream last night. In this dream I saw this young lady tracting our street, going from house to house, and becoming very disheartened and miserable. When she came to my little home she paused and was about to pass by, apparently thinking we were not home as our blinds were drawn. But she didn't. She put a tract in our mail box, then passed on down the street for home. Yes, Miss, you are the girl who came very close to withholding from us this wonderful gospel."

"And you are from what street?" Lavaun faltered confusedly. The girl's face was white and drawn and she clutched at the newspaper in her hands.

"Montgomery street."

"Montgomery street!"

"Yes, Miss, but don't feel so badly about what I said. You did call at our door and that is what interests us."

"And your name?" asked Lavaun.

"Claydon—Martha Claydon. And you were sent by God to my door."

"Martha Claydon," Lavaun seemed to be wrapped in thought. Then her face cleared, and in an outburst of relief, and joy, she ran to the puzzled woman in the chair and taking her hands and kissing them, cried:

"If you are Martha Claydon from Dodge county, my father preached the sermon that started you thinking about the gospel. For I have heard him speak of your father who once saved him from a mob. My dear Mrs. Claydon, you say God sent me to your door. Surely, He sent you to mine, sent you for reasons known fully to Him, known partially to my dear companion."

It was Julia's turn now to receive the young missionary's embrace.

"I'll be ready any time to catch the car for the street meeting, Sister Fairley," Lavaun said, smiling through her tears.

"What a remarkable day it has been!" Julia exclaimed.

"It has become a sacred day to me," said Lavaun reverently. Then: "Sister Claydon, we want you to help us with the singing at our street meeting tonight."

And she did.

Tribute to Eliza R. Snow

By Phyllis Hodgson

Though the sun in pearly glory
Lights the eastern skies of Heaven
With a rose and golden brilliance,
Shining through a violet vapor,
Sending shafts of golden brightness
On an earth empalled in shadow,
Wrapped in solitary darkness;
Still the world sleeps on unheeding
In an irresponsive slumber:
Or impelled by earthly toiling
Finds no time to see its splendor,
Not intent upon its wonder
Nor exultant in its glory.
For a million suns have risen
And the world has seen their grandeur
'Til it values not nor sees it.

Lives have come and lives departed
In such infinite succession
That the world heeds not nor hearkens:
So I sing a song of tribute;

Of a life that dawned unheeded,
Of a life of light and beauty;
Sing of her who served her people
With a tender, sweet compassion,
With a loving, true devotion,
Lived a life of inspiration.

With the passing of the seasons
In their swift successive silence
Came the spring of life-alluring,
Glowing in its youth and beauty
Bright with joyousness, and singing,
Crowned her with the charm of springtime,
Gave her health and gave her courage
High ideals, sublime ambition,
That the toils of life might find her
Strong, to bear their many burdens.

Summer came and found her ready.
Toiled she through the heated mid-day,
Through the scorching heat of summer,
By the gentle breeze untempered.
Never did she pause nor falter,
Never did her courage waiver,
Bore she burdens uncomplaining;
Brought she forth the fruits of autumn
Of a seed that lives forever,
Bulwarks of an unseen kingdom,
Reaching far beyond the ages,
In a vast procession leading
Far into eternal regions.

Softly stole the winter round her,
Crowned her brow with silver whiteness
Like the sun on gleaming snowflakes;
And the passing of the winter
Was serene and sweet, untroubled,
Like some melody resounding
Sweet and clear, in ling'ring cadence,
Grows more faint and dimly echoes,
Leaves its memory e'er the hearers
Are aware that it is going—
Lost in silence of the ages,
But to rise in strains celestial
In some vast eternal kingdom.

The Flowers' Mission

A Parable

(Dedicated to the General and Stake Relief Society Boards)

By Lucy May Green

Near the center of a beautiful valley, not far from the shores of a vast inland sea, the Master planted a harvest field, The soil was rich and fertile, there was plenty of water, and there was every promise of an abundant harvest. The servants of the Master called many laborers into the harvest field, some worked with vigor and zeal, others quickly became tired, and sought the shade of the many trees that grew by the wayside. Many did not work at all, some were sick and sad, others were easily discouraged, and some were very poor.

The servants of the Master who were in direct charge of the harvest field took counsel together, for they realized the gravity of the situation. The harvest truly was great but the laborers were indeed few.

Unto the soul of their leader the Master gave this message: "Truly the harvest is great and the workers faint by the wayside. Plant for them a garden of sweet smelling flowers wherein they can rest sometimes, enjoy the fragrance of the roses and lilies and receive inspiration and renewed strength for their work in the harvest field."'

The servants of the Master accepted their leader's message, and the garden was prepared and flowers were planted therein.

First came the rose with her exquisite perfume, whose beauty of form and color and regal bearing proclaimed her Queen of the summer. Close to the rose was planted the tall white lily, with its heart of gold, and its chalice ever open to receive and hold the dew from heaven. Its sweetness and purity charmed all who saw it.

From His garden above the Master transplanted the geranium, sturdy and strong, blooming incessantly, and bringing its message of cheer alike to rich and poor. Next was chosen the dainty four o'clock, of various color, its blossoms opening at precisely the same hour each afternoon and closing next morning with like precision. The peony was included for its decorative value, its richness of form and color, its sturdy strength and hardy endurance. In a corner grew the fragrant mignonette dressed in quiet, sombre colors, but dearly loved by the bees for its honey, and by all for its exquisite odor.

A tall lilac bush stood in the corner, the wind rustling through its leaves, made sweet music and stirred up its elusive spicy perfume.

A bed of canterbury bells charmed the eyes and ears of all with their dainty grace and fairy-like music. The dahlia was chosen for its sturdy strength, its hardy growth and its multitude of many colored blossoms.

In many shady corners grew the lily of the valley, its waxen flowers oft hidden by its leaves, its presence only betrayed by its delicious odor.

On a trellis grew a vine of great beauty, whose flowers were a source of strength to the bees, birds and all who rested in the shade of the delicate honeysuckle.

From the greenhouse the Master chose the carnation with its ethereal loveliness, its dainty symmetry of form and its lasting qualities.

In many a hardy clump grew the shasta daisy, with its fringed petals, its face turned to the heavens, and its heart of living gold.

Modest, sweet, of exquisite shape and velvety texture, like unto the dainty face of a tiny child, the pansy stood, emblem of sweet and beautiful thoughts.

Of heaven's own blue, flecked with yellow of the sun, small, dainty, but once known is always remembered the for-get-me-not. Tall, stately, its golden head ever turned to the sun, and its wealth of flowers enjoyed by all, the hardy golden glow was planted.

From the fields the Master chose a humble flower of many colored bloom, its rich, glossy foliage, wealth of blossom, and profusion of seed loved by everyone, the hollyhock. The petunia border was truly a delight with its hardy blossoms and its spicy oriental perfume.

From the hillside nearby was transplanted a tall pine tree, the wind blowing through its branches made sweet music, and the hearts of the toilers were made glad as they rested in the shade of the evergreen.

The chrysanthemum was brought from the Orient with its choice tints, its feathery foliage, and curving petals, its blooming season lasting far into the winter.

Many other flowers bloomed in the garden. These blossoms flowered, filling the air with sweetness and beauty, then were transplanted elsewhere.

The garden was fenced with Faith, Hope and Charity. Its fence posts were unselfishness, and united efforts and its open gates were Service unto all mankind.

The Master came unto the garden and He saw that it was good, and unto the hearts of the flowers He whispered this message: "In the midst of my harvest field this garden has been planted to bring joy and comfort to all who labor therein. Go! fill your mission, my flowers, teach them the joy of service.

With your music tell them of the Father's love, bring unto their lives sweetness, strength and beauty."

So the flowers are filling their mission of love and often the workers in the harvest field rest in the garden, and the flowers go to all corners of the harvest field, and wherever they go, the tired workers raise their heads refreshed and with renewed courage continue their labors.

The Master looking down from above sheds His divine approval upon all.

* * * *

This parable is an appreciation of the faithful labors of the General and Stake Boards of the Relief Society. The harvest field is the Church, the servants of the Master represent the Priesthood, the laborers are the Relief Society workers, the garden is the Society itself, and the flowers are the General and Stake officers.

Carry a Basketful of Happiness

By A. C. A. Dean Hewer of Hobart, Tasmania

Carry a sackful of happiness
Wherever you have to go;
Fill it up full to the very brim,
So that it may overflow.

And everyone you may chance to meet
Just pass them a handful out,
Be sure and do it with smiling face
Whatever you are about.

Your sack will be like the widow's cruse,
No emptier day by day,
And all who meet you will love you well
As you go along your way.

You need not be rich in worldly goods
To carry this well filled sack,
For happiness comes to a mind at peace
Whatever of wealth we lack.

Then carry a sackful of happiness
Up and down your daily road;
And you will find that each handful helps
To lighten many a load.

A cheerful giver is loved of God,
O this I am always told—
So joyfully pass out happiness
And reap a hundred fold!

Notes from the Field

Amy Brown Lyman

Aleppo Branch, Syria:

A most interesting letter has just been received from Mrs Mary R. Booth, president of the Aleppo Branch Relief Society. Accompanying the letter is an excellent report and a photograph

Relief Society Officers, Aleppo Branch, Syria

of the officers. Mrs. Booth states that this picture was taken in front of the stage curtain upon which is painted the Hill Cumorah, and which was used for the drama played by their local talent on September 22, 1927, in commemoration of the coming forth of the *Book of Mormon*

President James E. Talmage, who has just returned from the European Mission, where he has served as president for the past three years, has, by request, furnished us with the following few paragraphs concerning the work of President and Mrs. Joseph W. Booth:

"In far away Syria, on one of the hills of Aleppo, is a little community of Latter-day Saints who constitute the main branch of the Armenian Mission. They were brought to this place from Aintab, Turkey, to escape the frightfulness of Turkish misrule, tyranny, and outrageous persecution. These and a few who are isolated in other towns number about one hundred and eighty-five

souls, all of whom are refugees or children of refugees. With few exceptions these people are housed in *khans,* or walled enclosures with living rooms along three sides of the quadrangular open court; and these quarters are rented for them by the Church.

"Many of these good people are skilled in the making of rugs, carpets, toweling, cloth, embroidery and fine needlework, which constitute their principal products; but they have to meet keen competition and find but a limited market. Moreover, machinery is displacing the hand-looms and prices are low.

"In the matter of Church training the community is a marvel and stands as a monument of praise to Mission President Joseph W. Booth, and his capable wife, Sister Mary R. Booth, whose home town is Alpine, Utah. In the work of the Church auxiliaries the people show ability such as would be creditable in the wards of Zion. A *Book of Mormon* drama, written and staged by the members, was presented in a very impressive and artistic way during a recent visit by the writer of these lines; and the appreciative audience comprised business and professional people of Aleppo in addition to the Church members.

"President Joseph W. Booth has given seventeen years of his life to missionary service in Turkey and Syria. His wife has shared the labors and vicissitudes of two long missionary periods with him. He has endured the ordeal of black smallpox, as a result of which dread disease two of our missionaries have been buried, one at Aaintab, Turkey, the other at Haifa, Palestine. President Booth has been a true pastor to these people, who verily have come up through great tribulation. He has proved himself a tender and self-sacrificing shepherd to the harassed flock; and he loves his sheep. Brother and Sister Booth have the confidence and respect of bankers, professional men, consular officers, and of the influential people of the communities wherein they are known, not only in Aleppo, but in other Syrian towns as well. For years past these devoted servants have been the only missionaries laboring among the Armenians. They confidently hope that the work will be extended into southern Syria and Palestine, and that other missionaries will be sent to assist."

French Mission:

Mrs. Venus R. Rossiter, president of the Relief Societies of the French mission, with headquarters at Geneva, Switzerland, writes, among other things, that the Relief Society work is progressing nicely throughout the mission. Two new societies were organized during the past year, one at Besancon, France, and the other at Brussels, Belgium. All of the societies have held one or more bazaars during the year. Several of them have bought linen and silver sacramental sets, and are helping to pay for pianos in their respective branches. All cases of need coming to the atten-

tion of the Relief Society have been amply taken care of during the year.

Southern States Mission.

Relief Society women of the Southern States have, during the past year, furnished food and clothing to many who were in need. Special efforts have been made by them to have the sick properly cared for either in the homes or in hospitals. The result has been that special visits to the sick and home-bound have increased 1,454 over last year. In the country districts, the women who live in isolated places are making quilts, towels and children's clothing for the needy. In Durham, North Carolina, the Relief Society members are active in helping to raise means to purchase a building site for a chapel. The Relief Society officers cooperated with the Sunday School officers in making the Christmas celebrations and Christmas trees attractive and enjoyable for the old as well as the young. They also took baskets to the needy on Christmas day. Officers in several of the Societies are doing home missionary work in the way of visiting the nearby branches for the purpose of instructing and aiding the members to make their own work more efficient, and therefore of more benefit.

Blaine Stake.

The Hagerman ward Relief Society, according to the Red Cross County Nurse, is leading the whole county in health work. Four clinics were held there last year, as a result of which 75 children received care. The clinic workers consisted of 2 doctors and 4 nurses, assisted by the Relief Society presidency.

Clinic Workers, Hagerman Relief Society

Cache and Logan Stakes.

At Christmas time, one of the business establishments contributed $25 to the Cache and Logan stakes, to be used to entertain some of the under-privileged children of the two stakes during the holiday season. The manager of one of the motion picture show houses reduced the price of a regular 50c show to 10c, and a large bag of candy and nuts was given, in addition, to each of the 200 children from the two stakes as they left the theatre. These children were very happy as it was the first time some of them had had the privilege of going to this particular theatre. Another business firm contributed several boxes of new merchandise, consisting of shoes, coats, underwear, etc., to the extent of $155, actual cost to the merchant. The Professional and Business Women's Club also clothed 5 children as their Christmas contribution.

The Logan stake reports that since the Priesthood meetings have been changed to Sunday morning, they have made an extra endeavor to have all the ward Relief Society meetings changed back to Tuesday from Monday evening, and they are glad to report that practically every ward was pleased to make the change. This stake, at the request of the local Priesthood, has, for several years, been holding Relief Society meetings in connection with the Priesthood on Monday night. It is gratifying to know that they are now meeting on the regular Relief Society day.

Rigby Stake.

President Clarissa S. Williams is in receipt of an attractive cook book sent with the compliments of the Rigby stake board. The book is bound with an oil-cloth cover, and contains the following sections: abbreviations of weights and measures, food values, menus, table etiquette, and a large variety of tested recipes. The board is expecting to use a part of the proceeds from the sale of the book to help bring a public health nurse into the country. The stake is to be congratulated upon this enterprise which will react in the interest of the health of the community.

Minidoka Stake (Hazelton Ward).

During last fall the Hazelton ward, Minidoka stake, held a contest to obtain subscriptions for the *Relief Society Magazine*. The Relief Society members were divided into two groups of 11 women each, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Maud Ellingford and Mrs. Christina Peterson, and every enrolled member became an active agent for the *Magazine*. In connection with soliciting subscriptions each side made a quilt, and the side which finished its quilt first received, from the Relief Society, two subscriptions for the *Magazine*, to be sent complimentary to two non-subscribers. As a result of this contest 70 subscriptions were sent to the Magazine office from the Hazelton ward, which is comprised of about 40 Latter-day Saint families. The losing side entertained the winners at a hot chicken dinner, program and dance.

St. Joseph Stake.

A successful teachers' convention was held in St. Joseph stake on November 29, 1927, under the direction of the president, Mrs. Ethel D. Payne. A feature of the program was a demonstration by Solomonville ward of teachers' visits, showing the difference in the results obtained by unprepared and prepared teachers. There were also excellent addresses on the work of the visiting teacher, and a special musical number was given by Layton ward. Gifts were presented to each of the 4 teachers who had served in St. Joseph stake for 44 years, and to a member who had belonged to the Society for 61 years.

This is the Day

By Mrs. Ellen L. Jakeman

Daughter of Laman, come from the wilderness,
Braid your black tresses, and crown your dark brow;
This is the day that was promised your fathers:—
List to his voice for, God speaks to you now!
Come from the forest and come from the mountain,—
The sin of revolt,—the dark vale of sadness;—
Put on the beautiful garments of virtue,
Drink at Faith's fountain with joy and great gladness.

Comes His bright spirit, your sad soul alluring,—
Lift up your heads ye oppressed and rejoice,—
Burns the sweet fire your Red-dross consuming,
Fair shall your face be! Oh, lift up your voice!
Rich were the promises made to the prophets,
When you have turned from sin fully away;
All hearts shall join in a paean of gladness,—
Return of the Child from the truth gone astray.

Golden plates taken from sacred Cumorah,
Furnished the key to your fate's tangled skein;
Precious the writers,—thrice precious the message
You shall wander in darkness,—ah, never again!
Earth shall be pure,—gone they that oppressed thee;
Anguish and sin passed forever away.
Comes from God's presence, Holy Jerusalem!
We know not the Hour, but this is the Day.

Daughter of Laman, come from the wilderness,
Braid your black tresses, and crown your dark brow;
Singing hosanna,—an heir and a princess;—
Thou art the blossom on Joseph's rich bough.
Lehi and Nephi, Mormon,—the prophets,
Your fathers, your brethren, exult in His power!
Oh, with what joy we will welcome your coming!
This the great Day is,—God hasten the Hour!

Guide Lessons for May

LESSON I

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in May)

THE DISPENSATION OF THE FULNESS OF TIMES (CONTINUED)

OBJECTIVES OF THE DISPENSATION

Introduction:

An objective means the purpose or aim, and in this lesson it is to mean the purpose or aim which the Lord evidently had in view for the work of this dispensation. The statement of each objective is followed by some scriptural evidence which the student may profitably add to by reading. The comments are not to be taken as doctrine but as material to arouse interest and direct thought.

Five Objectives:

There are five evident objectives of the dispensation and there may be others. The objectives considered may not be just in the order of their importance or sequence. The arrangement is a study device and seems consistent.

The First Objective:

This was the flooding of the world with light and truth. "Truth shall spring out of the earth and righteousness shall look down from heaven." (Psalms 85:11). Thus we have the light of truth coming from above and below, as it was in the days of the deluge when "all the fountains of the great deep" were "broken up and the windows of heaven were opened." (Genesis 7:11).

"For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." (Habakkuk 2:14).

"They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountains; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." (Isaiah 11:9). The Lord himself, while speaking in Palestine, declared the flooding of the earth with the light of truth. "And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations and then shall the end come." (Matt. 24:14).

No one will claim that these words of Jesus were fulfilled during the Dispensation of the Meridian of Times. Many nations and millions of people have never yet heard the Gospel and more-

over the last clause of the above quotation indicates that the work was to be done in the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times.

For the extent and unescapableness of this flood of light and truth we look to modern revelation: "For verily the voice of the Lord is unto all men, and there is none to escape and there is no eye that shall not see, neither ear that shall not hear, neither heart that shall not be pentrated. (Doc. and Cov., Section 1:2).

No man is the author of the above marvelous utterance; they are the words of the resurrected Redeemer after his reglorification with the Father in the celestial kingdom.

The Second Objective:

This second objective was the organizing and the building up of an institution for the spreading and utilizing of the light of truth. It was to be a means for the elevation of man and for the acceleration of man's advancement towards his Maker. It was to be an instrument of education for the living and for the salvation of the dead.

That the setting up of this kingdom was one of the objectives of this dispensation is made evident by the following: "But in the last days it shall come to pass that the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be established in the tops of the mountains and it shall be exalted above the hills, and people shall flow unto it." (Micah 4:1).

This being the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times it would include "the last days." "In the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed." (Daniel 2:44).

The declaration of the Lord, through his prophet Daniel, proclaims a kingdom of durability, a promise not made concerning any kingdom in any of the preceding dispensations, and there would be no other place for it than in the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times.

But the most indisputable evidence that the building of a church was one of the divine objectives of the dispensation is found in the word of the Lord himself: "And verily, verily, I say unto you, that this church have I established and called forth out of the wilderness:" (Doc. and Cov., 33:5). And that the building up of a church was a part of this great objective we have evidence in the following: "Wherefore, if you shall build up my church, upon the foundation of my gospel and my rock, the gates of hell shall not prevail against you." (Doc. and Cov., 18:5).

The Third Objective:

The third evident objective was the production of Christian character. Men and women, youths and maidens, boys and girls of Chritian faith with Christian ideals and Christian conduct—making up a Zion community that will fulfil the words of the

prophet: "And many nations shall come and say, Come, let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths." (Micah 4:2).

There can be no propaganda for or advertisement of any institution like that of its products.

The Fourth Objective:

The fourth evident objective was the reaching back with gospel privileges for those who have passed to the great beyond without these blessings—the "salvation for the dead."

This objective was declared to the prophet Joseph early in the dispensation, "Behold I will reveal unto you the Priesthood by the hands of Elijah the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord, and he shall plant in the hearts of the children the promises made to the fathers and the hearts of the children shall turn to their fathers: If it were not so, the whole earth would be utterly wasted at its coming." (Doc. and Cov., 2: 1, 2, 3).

This divine announcement carries with it the promise of authority or power. It was to come by the hand of Elijah a resurrected prophet. His visit should be before the coming of the Lord in judgment. He was to put into the hearts of the children an interest in their parents. They were to learn of the promises made to their ancestors and be inspired to an active interest in their welfare. This perfectly altruistic work for the dead was to be the one thing that would keep the world in a condition that would prevent the necessity for its utter destrucion. Through this work the world would preserve a fitness to survive.

The Fifth Objective:

The fifth objective of this dispensation was the making of a dispensation which would cover everything except the time, of each and all of the other dispensations, hence the name: The Dispensation of the Fulness of Times. (See Compendium, pages 144, 145, 146).

Questions

1. Name five of the evident objectives of The Dispensation of the Fulness of Times.
2. Tell of the unescapableness of the deluge of truth and light.
3. Give scriptural proof that the building of a church was a divine objective of this dispensation.
4. How is the third objective of this dispensation made evident by the following: "Zion will be built on this continent?" (Articles of Faith, "Zion is the pure in heart.")

5. Which is the antecedent of the pronoun "its" in the last line of Doc. and Cov. 2:37?

6. When Jesus the Redeemer said: "I am the resurrection and the life," in which did he express the greater interest, the living or the dead?

7. Discuss the following: Without interest in ancestors a people grow unfit to survive.

8. State the fifth evident objective of this dispensation.

LESSON II

Work and Business

(Second Week in May)

Teachers' Topic for May—The Home

FINANCES OF THE HOME

Cooperation in the earning and the spending of money.

1. Economic security is dependent upon two factors:
   a. The nature and the amount of the income.
      A family whose income is based upon seasonal occupations must necessarily plan more carefully than one whose income is fixed and regular.
      When children become earning factors they should be taught to willingly contribute to the family income.
   b. The manner in which the income is spent.
      The women of the world have to do with the spending of over 80% of the income of the world. What a great responsibility rests upon women in this respect. There should be careful management of the family income. A budget of income and expenditure should be kept. We should live within our income and avoid debt.

2. Moderation should be exercised in dress, foods, and recreation; false standards should be avoided.

3. The value of allowances as to wife and children; the right of children to spend for themselves part of their earned money; the meaning of the value of the dollar; the importance of proper spending; the benefits of saving; the virtue of thrift, etc., may be properly discussed.

LESSON III

Literature

(Third Week in May)

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

Charles G. D. Roberts, Canada's outstanding poet, appears to have descended from a nest of song birds as "the Roberts family of Fredricton, New Brunswick, is Canada's most distinguished literary family." He was the eldest son. His birth occurred January 10, 1860, at Douglas, North County, New Brunswick, Canada. He was educated at the Fredricton Collegiate School and at the University of New Brunswick where he took his B. A. degree in 1879 with honors. In 1881 he was made a Master of Arts and in 1906 received the honorary LL.D. He appears to have specialized in mental and moral science and political economy.

He was twenty-one years old when he married Miss Mary I. Fenety, daughter of the Queen's Printer of New Brunswick. In 1883 and 1884 he was editor of the *Week,* Toronto, Ontario; in 1885 to 1888, Professor of English and French literature in Kings College, Windsor, Nova Scotia; in 1888 to 1895 Professor of Economics in the same college.

Canadians look back to the Confederation, the fiftieth anniversary of which they celebrated last year, as a very important epic in their history, and the anniversary of that event is like our Fourth of July, a red letter day in their history. Roberts rose to prominence and became popular because he was everywhere hailed as the "Voice" of the Canadian Confederacy. To use the words of J. D. Logan, "he became the voice of one crying in the wilderness trying to make straight the paths of the Canadian poet." Prior to this time the people had delighted in the perfection of Mr. Roberts verse, for it had been with Canada as with all new countries, they had produced much verse which was of little moment because it lacked artistic structure and finish. Now they discovered that their finished versifier was prophet as well as poet. He called to his countrymen in the following language:

O Child of Nations, giant-limbed,
  Who stand'st among the nations now
Unheeded, unadorned, unhymned,
  With unanointed brow—

How long the ignoble sloth, how long
  The trust in greatness not thine own?
Surely the lion's brood is strong
  To front the world alone!

But Mr. Roberts did not remain in Canada to follow up his clarion call. An offer from New York took him there where he become Associate Editor of the *Illustrated American.* Since that time it has not been necessary for him to do either academic or editorial work. Consequently, he has devoted himself to writing and publishing many books which have added duly to his fame.

When the last century closed he had written and published seven books of verse. In 1901 he selected what he regarded as his best poems and published them in one volume. This, of course, is his outstanding volume of poetry.

He lived in London, England, a good many years and obtained the regard of both English and American critics to a larger extent than any other writer of Canadian verse. In September, 1914, he enlisted as a trooper in the Legion of Frontiersmen. Later he was promoted to a captaincy in the King's Liverpool Regiment, and still later he attained to the rank of major. We have a poem called "Cambrai and Marne" that grew out of this experience. A few stanzas will indicate the graphic power of his description:

Between the hedges and the town
The cursing squadrons we rode down;
To stay them we outpoured our blood
Between the beetfields and the wood.

In that red hell of shrieking shell
Unfaltering our gunners fell;
They fell, or ere that day was done,
Beside the last unshattered gun.

* * * * * *

Our feet, astonished, learned retreat,
Our souls rejected still defeat;
Unbroken still, a lion at bay,
We drew back grimly from Cambrai.

In blood and sweat, with slaughter spent,
They thought us beaten as we went,
Till suddenly we turned, and smote
The shout of triumph in their throat.

* * * * * *

By cumbered road and desperate ford
How fled their shamed and harassed horde!
Shout, Sons of Freemen, for the day
When Marne so well avenged Cambrai!

In 1925 Dr. Roberts returned to Canada where he was made President of the Toronto branch of the Canadian Authors' Association. Last summer he attended a convention of western poets held in the city of Seattle, Washington. He was, no doubt, the outstanding figure of that convention. With many years of achievement crowning his snowy locks, he stood amongst them, the dean of Canadian Letters, and the young authors recognized in him one who had had much experience in life; one who had inspired an entire group of Canadian writers; in fact, the one who was the leading spirit and inaugurator of the first renaissance in Canadian Literature.

With all due respects to the many subjects Dr. Roberts has made use of in the large number of poems he has written his critics are rather generally agreed that his most penetrating work is evident in his treatment of nature. Consequently the remainder of the lesson will be devoted to that theme.

In such poems as "Hill-Top Songs," "The Good Earth," "On the Road," "The Unknown City," "The Place of His Rest," "When the Cloud Comes Down the Mountain," and "Under the Pillars of the Sky," we have excellent examples of the poet's penetration and appreciation of the great outdoor world.

From "Hill-Top Songs "we quote the following:

When the lights come out in the cottages
  Along the shores at eve,
And across the darkening water
  The last pale shadows leave;

And up from the rock-ridged pasture slopes
  The sheep-bell tinklings steal,
And the folds are shut, and the shepherds
  Turn to their quiet meal;

And even here, on the unfenced height,
  No journeying wind goes by,
But the earth-sweet smells, and the home-sweet sounds,
  Mount, like prayer, to the sky;

* * * * * *

From "The Good Earth" we quote:

The smell of burning weeds
  Upon the twilight air;
The piping of the frogs
  From meadows wet and bare;

* * * * * * *

O spring wind, sweet with love
And tender with desire,
Pour into veins of mine
Your pure, impassioned fire!

O waters running free
With full, exultant song,
Give me, for outworn dream,
Life that is clean and strong!

* * * * * * *

O springing things of green,
O waiting things of bloom,
O winging things of air,
Your lordship now resume!

From "On the Road" we quote:

Ever just over the top of the next brown rise
I expect some wonderful thing to flatter my eyes.
"What's yonder?" I ask of the first wayfarer I meet.
"Nothing!" he answers, and looks at my travel-worn feet.

"Only more hills and more hills, like the many you've passed,
With rough country between, and a poor enough inn at the last."
But already I am a-move, for I see he is blind,
And I hate that old grumble I've listened to time out of mind.

* * * * * * *

At the crest of the hill I shall hail the new summits to climb.
The demand of my vision shall beggar the largess of time.
For I know that the higher I press, the wider I view,
The more's to be ventured and vision, in worlds that are new.

From "The Unknown City" we quote:

Cool are its streets with waters musical
And fountains' shadowy fall.
With orange and anemone and rose,
And every flower that blows
Of magic scent or unimagined dye,
Its gardens shine and sigh.
Its chambers, memoried with old romance
And faery circumstance,—
From any window love may lean some time
For love that dares to climb.

This is that city babe and seer divined
With pure, believing mind.
This is the home of unachieved emprize.
Here, here the visioned eyes
Of them that dream past any power to do,
Wake to the dream come true.
Here the high failure, not the level fame,
Attests the spirit's aim.
Here is fulfilled each hope that soared and sought
Beyond the bournes of thought.

* * * * * * *

John W. Garvin, who has written extensively of Canadian poets has this to say about Mr. Roberts' writings: "No other writer known to me has more intimately associated his mind and spirit with every object and phase of nature. His poetic descriptions are vividly real, and exquisite in beauty of expression, whilst his animal stories in felicitous literary English, in accuracy of particulars, in intensity of dramatic interest, are beyond criticism."

Questions and Problems

1. In what particular does Charles G. D. Roberts resemble our New England poets?
2. What does he mean when he writes: "Surely the lion's brood is strong to front the world alone!"
3. Select some colorful words from the extracts printed.
4. Poets often make use of contrast: Select some contrast in color in the line: "With orange and anemone and rose."
5. Tell of some people you know who are always expecting to see "just over the top of the next brown rise some wonderful thing to flatter" their "eyes."
6. Do you know any people who see nothing except "more hills and more hills" * * * "with rough country between and a poor enough inn at the last?"
7. If you know these two sorts of people, which would you prefer being? Why?

LESSON IV

Social Service

(Fourth Week in May)

THE CHILD—STUDY COURSE

LESSON 5

The Child's Moral Development

Based on Chapter V: "The Child: His Nature and His Needs"

We come now, in this review of the different phases of

the child's growing personality, to a consideration of his moral development.

Dr. Henry Neumann, who wrote this splendid chapter, is an international authority on the subject. He is instructor in the Ethical Culture School, New York City, and author of *Moral Values and Secondary Education; Teaching American Ideals Through Literature and Education for Moral Growth.*

A. What is Character?

(Pages 89-91)

Character is defined as: "The sum of qualities or features, by which a person or a thing is distinguished from others; the aggregate of distinctive mental and moral qualities belonging to an individual or a race as a whole; the stamp of individuality impressed by nature, education, or habit; that which a person or thing really is; essential peculiarity; kind, sort; nature." The question then is: How is character formed?

The first principle of character development is this: character is affected by a multitude of factors—heredity, general health, food, home life, street life, school life, newspapers, movies, parents, companions, habits of thought, occupations, etc.

To ensure a desirable character in a child, therefore, parents and teachers must control all of the factors which affect his moral development directly or indirectly. "There is no such thing as a distinct training in character apart from the rest of the child's development."

Questions

1. What is the practical difference between character and physique, intelligence, temperament, personality, individuality, etc.?

2. Show, by a few examples, how the child's moral development is influenced by:

a. Ancestral stock (heredity).
b. Children's diseases.
c. Nutrition.
d. Sleeping habits.
e. Companions.
f. School.
g. Brothers and sisters, companions, etc.
h. Books, newspapers, etc.
i. Commercialized recreation (e. g., the movies).

B. Harnessing the Child's Normal Desires in the Interests of His Moral Development
(Pages 91-96)

One of the best established principles of phychology is, to state it simply, a new habit can be established with considerable ease when it is "tacked on" to a strong desire. Let us say, for example, that Johnny has the habit of lying but, like other children, also loves recognition. The wise parent in such a case will capitalize Johnny's wish for recognition by creating an opportunity for him to be in the limelight when he tells the truth, and conversely denying him recognition when he persists in lying.

The reader will readily convince herself of the truth of this general principle by taking each one of the following "normal desires" and working out an appropriate illustration, showing how the above principle can be widely used in the moral development of the child:

1. The desire for strength.
2. The desire to earn a living.
3. The desire to be like great people.
4. The desire for fellowship.
5. The desire for distinction and independence.
6. The desire to lead.
7. The will to power.
8. The desire for justice.
9. The tendency to kindness and mercy.
10. The desire for sex.
11. The desire for religion.

C. Some General Suggestions
(Pages 97-102)

There are two items in this part of the chapter which it seems appropriate to stress here.

The first has to do with what might be called self-directed group activity. It can be stated as a general rule that children are much more sensitive to the opinions of other children in their own social group than they are to the opinions of their parents. It is this fact which has led to the wide-spread use of systems of self-government in schools and reformatories. The George Junior Republic, for instance, was built around this idea. Here, children governed themselves, as far as possible.

Peculiarly enough, an interesting reform has grown out of this experiment. Thomas Mott Osborne became the most famous prison reformer in this country when he introduced

self-government into Sing Sing prison. The following incident illustrates the power of this principle.

The Mutual Welfare League at Sing Sing was once asked to present one of its plays in a neighboring town. The prison management allowed the players to make the trip without guards. During the journey a storm arose which prevented the men from reaching their destination and which gave the men—most of whom were "lifers"—an excellent opportunity to escape. The following morning found every one of the prisoners back at the prison. Newspaper men inquired of the convicts why they didn't escape when they had the chance. Their reply is significant. "We were honor-bound to our fellow-prisoners, as well as to the warden, to return. Had we failed, they and their organization, would have been punished. We had no thought of escape."

The second item has to do with the influence of other personalities upon children. The best moral teacher, it is safe to say, is the one whose character is sound. Example is much more potent than precept. The psychological reason for this is that children are highly suggestible. They imitate, copy and emulate—sometimes very uncritically when young—the behavior patterns and models in their social world. This has led one writer (Dr. Henry C. King, former president of Oberlin College) to say, that "Character is caught, not taught." If this is true, then parents, teachers, and all who have responsibility for children, should themselves be superior characters and personalities.

Questions

1. What are the values and dangers in self-directing activities for children?
2. How much self-directing activity is possible for children in your community?
3. Give a few illustrations of the author's statement (page 99): "Untrained in the use of freedom, they (children) abuse it when it comes later."
4. Why is it poor psychology to say "don't" to a child?
5. Should as much care be exercised in the selection of religious teachers as of public school teachers? Explain.

D. The Principles of Character Education

(Pages 102-106)

Utah has made herself nationally famous for her work in character education. Credit for this is largely due to the leadership of Dean Milton Bennion, of the University of

Utah, who for many years was chairman of the Committee of Character Education of the National Education Association. The work of this Committee has been preserved in a bulletin of the U. S. Bureau of Education (1926, No. 7, price 15c).

It seems worth while to give our readers the gist of Dean Bennion's Committee report. In this pamphlet the objectives of character education are stated as:

"1. To develop socially valuable purposes, leading in youth or early maturity, to the development of life purposes.

"2. To develop enthusiasm for the realization of these purposes; and coupled with this enthusiasm, intelligent use of time and energy.

"3. To develop the moral judgment—the ability to know what is right in any given situation.

"4. To develop the moral imagination—the ability to picture vividly the good or evil consequences to self and to others of any type of behavior.

"5 To develop all socially valuable natural capacities of the individual, and to direct the resultant abilities toward successfully fulfilling all one's moral obligations.

"Investigations thus far warrant the conclusion that the prime factor in the development of any personality is the influence of other personalities. This fact gives emphasis to the conviction that character education is a problem of community life, and that all social institutions and social agencies should share cooperatively this responsibility.

"The school can by no means assume all the responsibility. The natural responsibility of parenthood and the intimate personal relations of the home at once suggest that this institution should be the primary factor in character development. Character development is also held to be one of the chief functions of the church; but, because of its present limited range of influence as compared with the schools, they may well assume responsibility next in importance to that of the home for the character training of the young."

The Committee favored a system of what is called direct moral teaching. On this point the report says:

"Direct moral instruction is, to be sure, but one phase of moral education in the schools; it may be a minor phase, yet of sufficient importance to make its ommission a serious handicap. In order to realize all the objectives of character or moral education, it seems that all the available means and methods must be utilized—home, school, church, state, vocations and general social life of the community with such methods as may be employed in each case. Some of the methods available to the school are:

"a. The example and personal influence of teachers and other school officers.

"b. Indirect moral instruction through each and all of the school studies.

"c. Direct moral instruction by groups and on some occasions through personal conferences.

"d. Student participation in the management of the school community—sometimes called student participation in government.

"e. All other varieties of extracurricular activities of the school; e. g. assembly periods, debating, musical and dramatical performances, athletic contests, parties, etc."

Questions

1. What is the method of character education in the schools of your community? What constructive suggestions can you offer for its improvement?
2. What can the schools do to individualize character education?
3. How does your community deal with juvenile delinquents and others whose character development is obviously faulty?

Zion's Mountains

By Nina Kerrick

Oh! Mountains! Oh! thou lofty peaks
How dear thou art to me,
Oh! let me dwell among thee here
As long as life shall be.

And then, Oh! lay me at thy feet
Beside some murmuring stream,
Where I can sleep, and hear thy voice,
In death's forgetful dream.

The rippling waves among the rocks,
Would sing to me I know,
Because methinks they all would know
That I had loved them so.

And then the wind would speak to me
While passing o'er my tomb,
And in the spring the flowers dear
Above my head would bloom.

Oh! no, I will not lonely be
If thou wilt let me dwell with thee
Oh, Mountains—
Through eternity.

SEEDS— TREES

Planting Time Is Here

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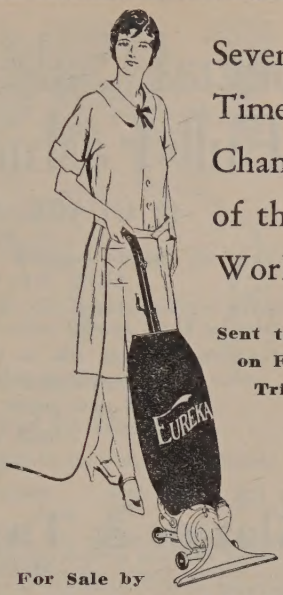

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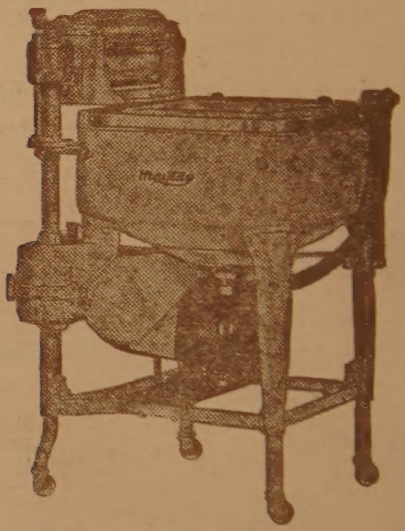

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